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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"'Twas said, 'when roll of drum and battle's roar
Shall cease upon the earth, O, then no more
The deed, the race, the heroes in the land.'
But scarce that word was breathed when one small hand
Lifted victorious o'er a great wrong
That had its victims crushed through ages long;
Some woman set her pale and quivering face,
Firm as a rock, against a man's disgrace;
A little child suffered in silence lest
His savage pain should wound a mother's breast;
Some quiet scholar flung his gauntlet down
And risked, in Truth's great name, the synod's frown,
A civic hero, in the calm realms of laws,
Did that which suddenly drew a world's applause;
And one to the pest his lithe young body gave
That he a thousand lives might save."

—Richard Watson Gilder.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXIX THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1912. NUMBER 22.

We pass for what we are, and we prosper or fail by what we are. There are men who may dare much and will be justified in their daring. But it is because they know they are in their places. As long as I am in my place, I am safe. "The best lightning-rod for your protection is your own spine." —Emerson.

The *Outlook* says that the Presbyterian Assembly, the Congregational Churches and the Methodist Churches of Canada are actively interested, and have already taken some dcisive steps, looking towards, not simply a federation, such as is sought in the United States, but an amalgamation of interests. Thus is the process of unifying and in that way, intensifying and simplifying the religious life of a community, slowly but surely going on in decisive ways in many places.

Barrett Browning, the idolized "Pen" of the Browning home, the sole offspring of that ideal union of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, has followed the great lovers and voyaged forth into the Beyond. The child evidenced the genius of his parents; he came near being eminent in both the sculptor's and the painter's art. A few triumphs of both the chisel and the brush are known to art students. His studio was the favorite resort of the father, who, in his youth, wrestled with the perplexing problem as to whether he should give his life to music, to painting, or to poetry; so artistic was his temperament, so balanced were his enthusiasms, and apparenty, so congenial were all the arts.

In the passing of Frederic Passy in his ninety-first year, Paris has lost one of its notable law-makers, and the world a most valuable and efficient Apostle of Peace. He was a man trained to law. For many years he served his nation in one function or another, and through a long lifetime gave himself to the high work of dismantling the fortresses of the world and bringing about a permanent international peace. A Nobel prize was awarded to him for his signal efficiency in this direction. To the last he was a working member in the various societies laboring for this end. It is to be hoped that the world will not always be so indifferent to the names and the fame of these real heroes and real benefactors of the race.

The *Outlook* gives much space in its issue of July 13 to Woodrow Wilson, and the political parties and issues that gather around his name. In an interesting sketch of the man it says: "During his administration of university affairs he encountered the problems of dealing with men and of securing efficiency that resemble closely those that confront the executive in public office. His critics have said of him, as was said of Governor Hughes, that he has not, either as President of Princeton or Governor of New Jersey, been sufficiently guided by the opinions of others or given sufficient consideration to the views and wishes of his colleagues and associates. He has shown in his acts as Governor that his knowledge of political problems is not purely theoretical. Under his administration many important statutes have been enacted, of which the Primary Law and the Workmen's Compensation Law may be taken as types of political and social measures which he has urged."

The *Congregationalist* in noting the recent meeting of the Unitarians on the Isles of Shoals, speaks of a "late evening meeting in the old Meeting House, where the old time custom of silence was observed, all conversation ceasing upon entering the building." We believe in a social church and recognize a saving grace in the fraternal exchange of greetings by those who are gathered around the common altar of worship, study and service. But we also believe in the ministry of silence, the strength that comes from quiet and meditation. We wonder if the modern Protestant churches, orthodox and liberal, might not increase their potency and deepen their influence, if the liturgical value of silence was more recognized. The good Quaker custom of everybody shaking hands with everybody after the hour dedicated to silence and meditation has much psychological value.

"Corporations have no souls"; this is one of the trite epigrams repeated so often that it has been taken as an axiom. What does it mean? Does it mean that corporations have no responsibility other than commercial, or having responsibility, have no disposition to meet such responsibilities? Are corporations holden only to the technical stockholders, and is the duty of trustees or directors fully discharged when they are found vigilantly guarding the profits and administering dividends? Have corporation no obligations to the community in which they exist, to the wives and children of those whose labor they exploit, and on whose fidelity their dividends

depend? Our colleges, schools and churches are doing commendable work in teaching individuals that they have obligations. A "corporate conscience" and "corporate consciousness" are familiar terms in the academic world today. The next thing to do is to give to the combinations of capital and labor a conscience, to develop within them a sense of civic obligation and as rapidly as possible to exact from them their share of the time, money and personality necessary to the promotion of the higher welfare of the community, of which they are a part, and the State that protects them.

The belated dismissal of Lorimer from the United States Senate comes so tardily, haltingly; it so lags behind the verdict of the intelligent citizen, that it causes but little relief or joy to the public and reflects but little credit upon the Senate. The hesitating fashion in which this body went about its tasks; the wavering, incident to its effect upon the political interests of the Senators, and the causes they represent, all go to show how poorly the United States Senate represents either the integrity or the progressive and prophetic qualities that must belong to a Democracy if it is to survive. That there are bold, sagacious and independent senators, goes without the saying; all honor to them! but that the senatorial ship is barnacled with partisans, who were tied to party interests, and always vigilant for their own political interests and that of the constituency they represent, is most humiliatingly manifest in this Lorimer episode which has brought so much reproach to the State he represents, and so revealed the halting unfitness of that most undemocratic of bodies in the United States, the National Senate. But like Samson's grinning skeleton, some sweetness is to be found here. It has developed independence in journalism; it has first shocked and then shaken loose the always-for-my-party man. It has exposed the weakness and inadequacy of the Senate as at present constituted and, let us hope, has made it impossible for so intelligent and progressive a State as Illinois ever to sink again into such slavery to political "bosses" as to make such a disgrace possible. There never has been a time since the intrusion of Lorimer into the United States Senate that the honest people at home were not assured that there was something very wrong about it. There never was a time when the better citizens of Illinois did not blush for the entrance of Lorimer into the United states Senate, even though the legislative vote had been legitimate, because his previous record, his political methods, his well-known unsavory associates, made it clear that he was not the man to worthily represent a great commonwealth in the most exalted legislative body in the United States, which is equivalent to saying, what ought to be the most exalted legislative body in the world. Lorimer deserves the pity of the intelligent. We mourn over the ill fate that led a man of so many admirable qualities into such devious ways. But "Lorimerism" is to be despised and to be disavowed henceforth and forever more.

The Proceedings of the Forty-fifth Annual Meeting of The Free Religious Association, held in Boston, May 23 and 24 last, edited and arranged by the Secretary, James H. West, is before us in a comely pamphlet of one hundred and eighteen pages. The first twenty-four pages are given to the officers, constitution and report of the Secretary, the remaining pages to the full program of the Boston meeting, which concerned itself with the general topic of "Church and State in America." Like all the Free Religious pamphlets, it is handsomely printed and contains material of moment. A file of these Proceedings, (there are forty-five of them now) would make a valuable cyclopedia of contemporary religious thought. It would reflect the higher spirit of the generation involved and throw interesting light upon many of the leading men and women of the nation. This organization was perfected May 30, 1867, and the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson leads the list of original members which we find on the eighth page of this pamphlet. We believe that of these original twenty-three, the venerable Henry Blanchard, alone remains. He occupied a seat on the platform at the Forty-fifth Annual Meeting. The society has had seven presidents, the names of whom are here printed: Octavius Brooks Frothingham, Felix Adler, William J. Potter, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Lewis G. James, Edwin D. Mead and Charles W. Wendte, and the name of Ednah D. Cheney appears as an honorary president. Among the vice-presidents we find the names of Robert Dale Owen; Caroline M. Severance, the "Motther of Women's Clubs;" Emerson; Lucretia Mott; Lydia Marie Child; Gerritt Smith; Isaac M. Wise; George William Curtis; Edward L. Youmans; Mancure D. Conway; Frederick Douglass; Julia Ward Howe; Joseph Le Conte and many others. All of this goes to show that this pamphlet is worth filing. As to the particular topics which engaged the attention of the association this year, we have only to reiterate that to our mind much ability was shown in the discussion of a problem which in the United States is not a pressing one. The time has gone by when the church, in any of its forms, can be considered as a

menace to the State here. Bigotry, superstition, ignorance, and within limits, priestcraft obtain, but these do not assume any organic form for the purpose of resisting or overthrowing the secular organism we call the State. Bigotry fights bigotry, and one superstition ameliorates the other. These dangers ars to be overcome by education, the spirit of tolerance and the encouragement of friendship and co-operation across theological and denominational lines. This is both the ideal and the practical method of the Free Religious Association. It was born at a time and at a point in the history of the United States when religion demanded an emphasis on its inclusive spirit and world-wide sanctions. We hope to make room for some of these papers and addresses in the columns of UNITY. Meanwhile we hope that many of our readers will send in their dollar annual membership fee, which will entitle them to a copy of these Proceedings of an organization whose purpose and methods are so fundamentally identical with the spirit and purposes of UNITY.

Governor Wilson's Opportunity

Three great ethical and, as we believe, tactical, opportunities present themselves to Woodrow Wilson at the present time. The progressive people of the United States, the intelligent people of all parties, want a chance to vote for a man who is pledged from the beginning to the one-term service, one who is opposed to war and determined to reduce the armament, to stop building battleships, and to save the Panama Canal from the reactionary display of cannon, armed men and armed ships; and, lastly, one who is determined to reduce, if not remove, the scandal that goes with expensive campaigning.

Governor Wilson, alone, of the three candidates is so situated that he can logically and consistently espouse these high causes. President Taft is silenced on the question of the second term because he is after it. Roosevelt is still worse off, because he wants a third term. Wilson is in a position to commit himself at the beginning to a six-year or longer period and no re-election.

President Taft, though arguing for peace, is committed to armament; is proud of his record as Secretary of War, and is pledged to two battleships a year. Roosevelt is still worse off, for his philosophy of peace implies the "big stick." He still represents that crude statesmanship that hopes to secure peace by getting ready for war. Although the Democratic platform, like the Republican, has straddled this question of armament, Governor Wilson is a scholar and a moralist who can consistently champion not the theory of international peace, but the practice of the same.

However much they may disclaim it, the money powers are actively involved in both the Taft and Roosevelt campaigning. Governor Wilson, thanks to Mr. Bryan, was nominated under circumstances favorable to a war against the dollar in politics. Perhaps his enemies will say that it is making a virtue of a necessity. All the same the American people are waiting for a chance to show their appreciation of the office-seeker who boldly refuses money help, whether the office sought is that of a constable or a president. We believe that wealthy men are tired of campaign taxes. We are more sure that the poor men, and they represent the multitude, are sick of this costly campaigning and the unfair advantage that is given capital by permitting capitalists to augment their individual votes by the indirect manipulation of other people's votes.

Publcity represents the boldest remedy yet urged against exhorbitant campaign funds. Promptly following publicity should come condemnation. There is presumptive evidence against the man whose campaign has been an expensive affair. The freedom of the press is established. The abundant spaces of the press are obvious. A poor man can present his case to the reading public without money and without price, if his case be a worthy one. "Boughten space" is presumptive evidence against the merits of the candidate whose interest is thus espoused. Let Governor Wilson declare that he is willing to trust his case to the unbiased judgment of the American people, without the help of drum and fife, oratory or red fire, and it will be the most effective campaign advertisement possible. He will turn the enemies' guns upon their own ranks. Other things being equal, the American citizen wants to vote for a man that is not backed by wealthy men's money, whose cause needs no "booming," whose name needs no advertising.

TO-DAY.

I wake this morn, and all my life
  Is freshly mine to live;
The future with fair promise rife,
  And crowns of joy to give.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
  New love to give and take,
Perchance new burdens I may bear
  For love's own sweetest sake.

New hopes to open in the sun,
  New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks, with yesterday begun,
  More bravely to fulfil.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be
  Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me,
  Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

And if, when eventide shall fall
  In shade across my way,
It seems that naught my thoughts recall
  But life of every day.

Yet if each step in shine or shower
  Be where thy footsteps trod,
Then blest be every happy hour
  That leads me nearer God!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE PULPIT

Help from the Hills

By Rev. Richard W. Boynton, Minister of the First Unitarian Church, Buffalo, New York.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."—Psalm cxxx: i.

There is a breadth of phrase in some of these familiar sentences from the Psalms that suggest a certain spaciousness of soul in their author. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help,"—the words carry us away from this place; we forget the book in which we read. We stand on the Judean desert, facing the distant Lebanon-range, and feel again the child-like wonder of the early peoples as those pale outlines against the deep blue of the sky recall the Hebrews' boast that their god was a god of the hills. Who would not believe that his God lives especially in the high places? We tire of an existence that drags along always on the same plane. We want a lift sometimes on to the heights, from which our daily cares look smaller than when we are on the ground beside them. To do our best work we need to get this outlook. It recalls us to the right perspective of things. It reminds us that there are hills, and that God seems nearer when we can look at them. On a dead level, the common things around us appear confused and fragmentary. We grow discouraged. But climb the heights, if only in imagination, and there we have atmosphere,—space. We discover an order and a beauty in the larger relations of the same common things. We learn again to hope.

The dweller in cities is glad in the summer time to leave behind him the dust and the noise, to breathe the pure mountain air, or to let his eye revel in the might and majesty of the ocean. So it is well for us now and then to rise above our duties of to-day and our cares for to-morrow, to look around in the wide world for helps to the higher life. Let us then, in this hour of worship, forget the lesser interests, lay down the burdens, quiet the anxieties of our little lives, and look out upon the hills, whence help may come.

I.

For the old Hebrew, every natural phenomenon was a manifestation of God's present working. Many passages in the Old Testament show the influence of this conception. It was God who led the tribes out of Egypt, in a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. He it was who spread out the heavens like a curtain, and who walked on the wings of the wind. He scattered his lightnings abroad, he ruled the storm, he watered the hills. From such passages as these we may understand how vivid an experience it was, and how real a help for the Psalmist to lift up his eyes unto the mountains; for in every cloud that hung low over their summits, in the dark shadow of the rock, and in the deep mystery of the night, his growing imagination saw the splendor of his God revealed.

It was the supreme achievement of the Hebrew people to teach the world that this God of the hills and the storm dwelt not only in these powers of nature but also in a far mightier force,—the still small voice that speaks in the human breast. This is why the verse chosen for our text to-day means so much to us. It bids us not only to lift up our eyes to see the majesty of God revealed in the outward world, but also to seek help within from the same spirit who communes with us in the silence of worship, and dwells in the secret places of the heart.

I have already spoken of those who find relaxation from their work in the hot city by going in the summertime up among the mountains or down by the sea. After neglecting for eleven months to seek the help of nature, we try in the twelfth, it may be, to see enough of her to gain strength for another year's work. And how we are lifted away and made over again by this contact with our mother-earth! It is refreshing just to see the careworn men and women or sickly children who go away for a shorter or longer vacation in the country come back brown and healthy to their winters' work or study in the town. But is it not a pity, when for most of us the constant help of nature is easily within reach, that we so seldom seek it? In the rush of our modern life can we not find time to see more of the world God has put us in, and has made so beautiful and so restful? We need all of us to come oftener into close touch with nature. Here we shall find a whole world of life and beauty, meant, it would seem, to soothe and cheer us, to give new vigor to our muscles, to freshen our minds for the work we have to do. There would be fewer aching heads and anxious hearts among us today if we were wise enough to stop all the needless worry, to go out more often into the world of field and forest and river to breathe the free air of heaven, and to lift up our eyes unto the unchanging hills of nature.

II.

But there are hills, too, in the intellectual life. Who has not felt the uplift of good books? And we may add regretfully, who does not know the degradation of bad ones? In books such as are fit for pure men and women and innocent children to read, the noblest souls that have lived in the world speak to us out of the best moments of their lives. What wonder, then, if some of our favorite books, those which have come closest to our experience and have helped us, perhaps, when all else seemed to fail, should be to us like hills to which we lift up our eyes! May we not take one book for an example,—The Book, it has long been called? Beginning with the poem of creation and ending with the vision of the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven, how much of all that is dearest to us in literature is enclosed between its covers! Mingled with the dingy earth of rude story and with the dust of those quaint records that we never read, how clearly the pure gold of unquestioned truth shines out from its pages to reward the earnest seeker! We cannot look upon all the books that make up the collection called the Bible as equally divine, but in parts of them, we believe, breathes the very spirit of that one God, who in the beginning brooded over the face of the waters, and ever since has been just as near to his children, though they have not always known it, as he is to us, here and now.

In the Old Testament, that age-old tradition of the simple pastoral life of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Rebecca; Jacob's dream, with the ladder upon which angels ascended and descended; the purity and generosity of Joseph; the beautiful loyalty of Ruth,—all of these more myth than history, indeed, but full of lessons for us; the exalted friendship between David and Jonathan; the strength and faithfulness of Elijah; the earnest seeking after God of Job; the lofty religious spirit of the Psalms; the sturdy righteousness of Jeremiah; and the wonderful Messianic visions that still glow in the rich chapters of Isaiah;—then in the New Testament, the life of Jesus of Nazareth, so far beyond us that except in our best moments we cannot realize it, so great that no words but his own are fit to describe it, so humble and so loving that we hardly wonder at those who think it was the very life of God upon the earth; those marvelous discourses in the Fourth Gospel, so filled with the spirit of Jesus that it seems as if no other soul than his could have inspired them, and yet so different from his sayings in the other gospels as to be hard to reconcile with them; the story of the early triumphs of Christianity, with the labors of the first apostles; Paul's masterly letters to the churches, in one of them that chapter on love, the greatest thing in the world—here are hills to which we ought more often than we do to lift up our eyes for help. Whatever knowledge of literature we give our children, let them not miss this deepest heart-knowledge of our race!

And the Bible does not contain all of our sacred books. Each of us has his own little store of prose and poetry that he has read again and again until it is taken up finally into his life. There are some sentences of prose and some lines of poetry, out of the Bible as well as in it, without which to comfort and inspire us it is hard to think of living well at all. But if they are embodied in our daily lives the thoughts, these lines suggest and the feelings they arouse, deeper than words, will transfigure the hardest struggles we may be called upon to make, with a glory akin to the divine. As the hills topped with fresh green, which turns to purple in the distance, were given to us by a loving Father to comfort us, and to renew our strength, so were these hills of the intellectual life placed in the world through the outpouring of the same holy spirit, that we might lift up our eyes unto them for help in time of need.

It is natural to pass from books to the help of friends. We make our only true friends, and keep them, by sharing our life with theirs. They are nearest to us when they can give us, or we them, the truest and fullest sympathy. A man or woman can have but few friends of this kind—perhaps only one. But each of us must have for his own good at least one such close friend. Everyone needs a friend who can be as it were a second self, one in whom each thought, each care, each joy may be reflected; one whose kindly ministries will make smooth the hard places in life's journey; one who shall be in truth like a hill to which he can lift up his eyes for strength.

So much self-renunciation is needed to gain and keep a friend like this that not many of us try hard enough for it. The consequence is that we have to live too much by ourselves. Our joys and sorrows are guarded too closely in our own bosoms. We narrow our lives until perhaps the ready sympathy we were once capable of feeling for our dear ones in even the least of their sorrows is no longer possible to us in their greatest. How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable must a life become that is wrapped up wholly in self! Surely when he placed us in the near relations that we bear to other human beings all about us, the wise Father meant us really to share our lives with theirs. How hard we seem to try, some of us, to change the Divine plan. But if we do shut ourselves away from others, sooner or later we must regret it. For some day surely we in our turn shall need sympathy, and since we have never before sought it, we shall perhaps find no one ready to offer it. Let us not have it so! These companions on life's journey, our friends, or even nearer than friends, were given us that we might help one another. We need them, and they need us. Let us begin today to make more of our common ties and so draw closer to these daily companions in that life of love which is the fulfilling of the law.

II.

We turn next to the heights of the inner life. As the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal, so it is even more needful in the spiritual life than in the physical or intellectual, to lift up our eyes unto the hills whence cometh our help. All else may fail. Unbroken good health may never have been ours; we may never have been able to develop our minds as we wished; we may not have found even one soul who could come as a true friend into our every experiences. And yet if we will look up for help to the hills of the life hidden in God, we can gratefully and reverently say with the Psalmist, "My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

First we may look within to memories; they are among the greatest blessings that come into this human life. There are the memories of men and women whom we have known, who may be parted from us by distance, or who wait for us perhaps on the shore of the life beyond. Who is there that has not been made better by the thought of honesty or purity or tenderness in a friend? Who is there that has not thus found the words of Lucy Larcom to be true, "A friend—it is another name for God." Can the messages He is continually sending to us in His world come better than through our memories?

Not only are there a few of these memories sacred to each single life. There are, too, the many blessed memories shared in by mankind. In all lands and times men have cherished the remembrance of their national heroes and their patron saints. Out of the mist of ages still rise the commanding figures of Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Mahomet, whose power to rouse and uplift their peoples, and ourselves as well, we know. But, for the Christian world, the one transcendent memory has been that of Jesus. Not different in his origin, he is yet beyond the rest of

men in his influence. Not alone does his life light up the background of our best thought, and his spirit shine down through the ages to make straighter the path of human advance; but also the memory of his words and his unfailing love is an uplifting and a redeeming power in the daily walk of millions who call him Master and Friend.

There is, too, in the record of the past progress of our humanity, a quality that should ennoble all present living. The history of kings and their battles is giving place in the truer thought of today to the story of the conditions and the achievements of plain people, in the lowly walks of love, Modern letters and art are full of the spirit which sees beauty in common things. So memory treasures up the small services and the quiet sacrifices of simple men and women, and these lift up once more our hope for the coming of the kingdom of heaven. In the memories of friends, of the world's teachers, and of all humblest workers with God, you and I have glimpses of the truth that we ought to serve and the life that we ought to live. May they be to us as hills to which each day we shall lift up our eyes for help!

And even more potent than these are the memories of our own best days. Each of us must have lived through special times to which he can now look back for rest and inspiration. No life is so uneventful, so unvisited by the "day-spring from on high," that the soul never rose above its circumstances and climbed up to the mountain peaks of the spirit. Such moments may be few and brief—when a great love came, or a dear friend went, or a new path in life opened—but the memory of them, when all that had been holding us down dropped away and the clouds parted, and we looked straight into the depths of heaven—there is a hill of help for us forever.

Then perhaps each one of us has a few of the most satisfying memories of all—the memories of our real victories over evil. These first came to us, it may be, as to Jacob of old, in the form of a blessing after a night of wrestling. They are the memories of temptations resisted, of doubts conquered, of disappointment endured, of the higher reason in us subduing the baser impulse. In the hour of struggle a man cries out asking why he is so sorely tempted. What has he done to deserve this affliction or that trial? No answer can be found to the question. Still, inspired by his better nature, he will not let go. All through the long night he wrestles with his doubt, his sorrow, or his temptation. It is a bitter struggle. But in the pale light of morning, he finds that his wrestling has been not with a demon, but with an angel. He has been injured in the conflict, and will carry the scar of his hurt through life; yet he cares not for that; he has gained the greater blessing, earned a new name, Israel, "he who striveth with God."

It has seemed best to dwell for so long upon memories, because out of them we shape our ideals. The perfect life, the ideal which is true for you and for me, is not the vision of an angel moving through worlds as yet unrealized. It is the figure of a man walking our streets and facing our problems, yet freed from our faults. This ideal life of tomorrow is the real life for us. That other which we lived yesterday, was only an attempt at it. Not the things we do, but the things we try to do, are the abiding things.

The sculptor begins his work on a statue by setting up a rough form of clay. He adds bits here, and scrapes off bits there. At first the untrained eye can see no beauty in his figure. It is all in the rough. But the artist does not perceive the roughness only. He looks through it, and sees enclosed in its imperfect form the faultless outlines and classic drapery of his ideal. He may never reach a complete expression of it. Still, even in the inadequate result of his modeling, he sees suggested the perfect figure of his thought. So it is with character. Within every erring child of God, no matter how unpromising his outside may be, there waits to be awakened the truer, the nobler man. The character that we have so far developed, what is it but the rough block of the sculptor? To be sure, we have chipped off a bit of the clay here, and filled in a meager outline there, but even the best of us is rude and uncouth enough in parts. Yet we may take courage. What we are is only to help us to realize what we may become, set before us in our own ideal—a hill to which we may lift up our eyes for help, day by day.

III.

Thus through aspiring toward the visions of our humanity, we hope little by little to draw nearer to him who is the all-loving and the all-perfect. Gathering the elements that shall help us most truly to be ourselves out of the lesser helps we have been speaking of—hills, books, friends, memories, ideals—we yet aspire toward realizing the everlasting love of God. Transcending our highest thought, he is yet the most real fact in our experience. We speak of the physical, the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual life, as though life could be cut up into parts, while all the time we are thinking of one and the same life. So we have to think of God as in nature, in books, in friends, in saviors, and in all good men, simply because we cannot grasp in his fulness the infinite Being whom we try to conceive.

A poor woman, like some whom we know, who had toiled all her life without seeming to get ahead much, was taken one day from her inland home on a trip to the seashore. When she saw the blue waters stretching away as far as the eye could reach, she is said to have exclaimed as the tears started, "Well, I'm glad if there is **enough** of something!" Perhaps we are shut in by our daily surroundings just as she had been by hers. Perhaps we have been all the time trying to realize a Being better than any we have known. And perhaps some day we are led to a shore where we look out suddenly upon the wide ocean of spirit. The poor woman does not speculate about the depth of the water; she sees that there is enough, and is glad. So the man who for the first time stands face to face with the Infinite does not philosophize; he cries, "Faher!"

We have been thinking of helps to a higher life. Where shall the child turn for help sooner than to its father and its mother? When we lift up our eyes, where shall we turn, if not to the One whom

Theodore Parker liked to call "our Father and our Mother"—God? "Speak thou to him, for he hears, and spirit with spirit can "meet."

Never in the world was so much required of men and women as is required of us today. On a height overlooking all the generations that have gone before, we have at our command more helps to the higher life than any of them. Isaiah wrote, Socrates taught, Paul suffered, Luther battled, Wesley preached, Channing toiiled, Emerson taught, Parker prayed, that you and I might live. We can look upon the same hills that the Psalmist saw. We can rest in the same care that Jesus trusted.

Heirs of the ages, let us then be worthy of our heritage. The waiting world looks to us to bear to it the rich gifts of our faith. It calls upon us to live like the sons of God we believe ourselves to be. The mission is great, and we are weak. The field is wide, and we are few. But if we hold to the right, our God will conquer with us. Every day we shall need to seek strength from him, who never faileth. Then let us lift up our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help. For "even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their srength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

Buffalo, N. Y.

REST AT NOON.

Now with a re-created mind,
Back to the world my way I find,
Fed by the hills one little hour,
By meadow-slope and beechen bower;
Cedar serene, benignant larch,
Hoar mountains and the azure arch
Where dazzling vapors make vast sport
In God's profound and spacious court.
The universe played with me. Earth,
Harped unto heaven, made tuneful mirth;
The clouds built castles for my pleasure,
And airy legions, without measure,
Flung, spindrift-wise, across the sky,
To thrill my heart once and to die.
I have held converse with large things;
For cherubim with cooling wings,
Brushed me; the stars that hide by day
Called through their latticed windows gay,
And clapped their hands: "These veils uproll
And see the comrades of your soul."
The very flowers that ringed my bed,
Their little "God be with you" said.
And every insect, bird and bee,
Brought cool cups from eternity.

—Herman Hagedorn, in The Atlantic Monthly.

Be mindful of thy name, and tremble not!
Nought better can betide a material soul
Than lawful war; happy the warrior
To whom comes joy of battle—comes, as now,
Glorious and fair, unsought; opening for him
A gateway unto Henv'n.

—From The Song Celestial, translated by Edwin Arnold.

Thus Doth History Repeat Itself

I.

Frightened and bewildered, the Minister of State entered the private chamber of His Majesty, crying out that the mob was thundering at the palace-gates.

"Impossible," replied the King. "Has ever monarch ruled his people as I have mine? Have I not graciously revealed the light of my countenance upon the public streets once each week—and once each week heard complaints from the distressed? Have I not opened my royal gardens to the multitudes on all Sundays and holidays? Have I not built schools for the ignorant, hospitals for the sick, and homes for the aged? Have I not opened my granaries to the famine-stricken, and my treasure-chests to the poor? Have I not been ever kind, merciful and charitable? Has ever monarch ruled his people as I have mine? And yet you say that the mob rebels against me, and beats upon my palace-gates! It can't be—I will not believe it!"

"True, Your Majesty," replied the Minister of State, "thou hast been a noble king. Nevertheless, the people prate of liberty—talk of ruling themselves—clamor for a parliament. They say they are not children, but men; and would have not largesses, but freedom."

"So!" cried the King. "Then, away with them! Crush these ungrateful brutes in the dust—grind them to powder—cut them limb from limb. My people will obey me, or they will die. This government is mine, and I will run it without their advice, interference, or dictation."

Frightened and bewildered, the General Manager entered the private office of the President, crying out that the mob was thundering at the factory-gates.

"Impossible," replied the President. "Has ever employer of labor treated his employees as I have mine? Have I not graciously shown myself in the factory once each week, and once each week heard complaints from the discontented? Have I not opened my private estates to the mothers and children on all Sundays and holidays? Have I not organized evening-schools for the child-laborers, erected hospitals for those injured in my shops, and given half-pay to the sick and pensions to the aged? Do I not grant the shortest hours and the highest wages possible in my trade? When I shut down my factories, do I not give bountifully to the hungry and the naked? Have I not been kind, merciful and charitable? Has ever employer treated his employees as I have mine? And yet you say that the workers have struck, and beat upon my factory-gates. It cannot be—I will not believe it."

"True, sir," replied the General Manager, "you have been a model employer. Nevertheless, the workers prate of liberty—talk of ruling themselves—insist upon having a union. They say they are not children, but men; and would have not gifts, but freedom."

"So!" cried the President. "Then, away with them! Discharge for good and all every man, woman and child on strike. Call out the militia. Drive the strikers from the factories—chase them from the streets—hurl them in prison—shoot them like dogs if they resist! My employees will accept my terms, or they will not work. This business is mine, and I will run it without their advice, interference or dictation.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

The Roman Catholic Church in the United States

REMARKS OF JENKIN LLOYD JONES BEFORE THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION IN BOSTON, MAY 24, 1912.

Emerson said, "I dip my pen in the blackest of ink, because I am not afraid of falling into my ink-bottle." Notwithstanding the concern manifested in some of the papers this morning, and the rather astonishing endorsement that came from the audience, I am not scared,—I am not a little bit scared,—of the Roman Catholic Church. I find within myself no tendency towards Rome. If ever the challenge comes that one must gird his armor and put on the martial spirit to go forth and battle for freedom and for democracy, I pray he Lord I may not be found wanting. I conceived it as a legitimate object of this Free Religious Association to stand guard over the liberties of the people. But in the present emergency, and from a standpoint not Bostonese, I conceive it a higher privilege for the Free Religious Association of America to seek to secure a just appreciation of that great historic stream of life that tamed Europe and conquered America, than to dwell upon the failings or idiosyncrasies of any of the representatives of that great sanitary stream.

I can hardly understand the attitude of Boston,—of you Boston people. Perhaps you are unfortunate in the place of your residence. I can only speak—from the latitude of Chicago and vicinity, out of forty years' acquaintance, intimacy, and co-operation with that form of Christianity we call Roman, as well as with others—what I had in my heart to say before I lost my bearings. But, Mr. Chairman, I don't know where I am after listening to the array of formidable and alarming facts that came from the speakers of the morning; I was prepared to pay my tribute of love and respect to that historic institution to which I cannot belong, which I cannot even understand in its inward inspirations, but which I believe is one of the most efficient digestive mechanisms in the democracy of America.

I believe, if I must put it so, that the Catholic Church is the greatest manufactory of American citizens now organized. First, because to it is entrusted the largest amount of raw material. It has the largest hopper; more material is thrown into that hopper than into any other hopper I know of. And, second, because in this latitude and longitude of the spirit, the Catholic Church itself is being transformed. Why, this Catholic Church you are so scared about in Boston, out in Chicago and the Mississippi Valley is like a Boston bull pup that a friend of mine has. I think they call it a Boston bull-dog breed. He is ferocious in his looks, he is sullen in his countenance, menacing to strangers, he can growl and will snap; but they tell me that the kind of food he has been fed on, the pabulum he receives in the house of his friends, has been so wanting in lime material that his teeth are all gone. He will snap, but he cannot bite; he will growl, but he cannot hurt.

Now, we are feeding the Catholic children of America with a food that lacks the dogmatic lime to make them dangerous. You tell me that the public schools of Chicago are passing into the hands of the Catholic Church. I look into the statistics of the Chicago public schools and am forced to recognize the fact that perhaps seventy per cent of the lower grammar-grade teachers are Catholic. What an alarming fact! But don't be scared. I know these "schoolma'ams"; I know them very well. I work with them. I rejoice in their work, and I tell you if ever the issue comes, you can trust them to "rally round the flag." They take these children from the far-away corners of Europe, out of homes untouched by democracy or the spirit of the twentieth century, and infilter into their veins the love of liberty, the joy of democracy, the pride of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington; and above all the English language, and I tell you there is no danger in that material. There is no occasion to be scared. There is something in the Irish blood towards which I should be tender, for I am a sort of first cousin to the Irish. If it had not been for a little strip of water over there, I should have been an Irishman myself: I was born within forty miles of the coast of Ireland. There is something in the Irish blood that seems, when we once get it into America, to run on the masculine side into the police-force and on the feminine side into the school-force. They are the best material to make "schoolma'ams" of that we have in Chicago, and obviously in Chicago they are the best and safest material out of which to make policemen. I don't know how it is in Boston; perhaps you have another experience.

And then you tell me that the Catholic Church is working its way into politics,—that it is becoming a great power in politics. I guess that is true. And if it comes to choosing between a Catholic priest as a political boss, and an accomplished Yankee grafter, I will stand with the Catholic priest every time. I know something of the practical politics of Chicago, and I know that the forces that make for graft and corruption and degradation and partisanship do not find their greatest consolation in the Catholic priesthood. I know that the Bishop of Chicago lines up shoulder to shoulder, whenever the bell rings, with those of us who want to purify the politics of Chicago, who want to stand between the girl and her corrupter.

Thirty years ago two young men, as measured from the present time, started to work for religion within a block of each other down there on Oakwood Boulevard. Both these men started very humbly. One had much to do with the hired girls of that neighborhood, and the other tried to reach their mistresses and employers. Side by side their churches have grown, side by side these men have worked together. Their parishes have interlocked, their work overlaps; and one of those workers would be untrue to his friends, disloyal to his experience, and blind to the logic of events as he sees it, if he did not realize that Father Tyghe, now of blessed memory, in the Church of the Holy Angels, was a worthy co-laborer with Jekin Lloyd Jones of the Abraham Lincoln Centre; and that now, at the end of ten years' struggle to find playgrounds for the thousands of children in that neighborhood, it is the Church of the Holy Angels and its constiuency making common cause with Abraham Lincoln Centre and its constituency and associate Protestant churches that is about to bring the thing to a successful issue.

There is a joke around the Lincoln Centre which runs something like this, and which is enjoyed very much by the Lincoln Centre people:

An anxious mother of a Catholic boy was distressed because he would seek after the privileges and the pleasures of Abraham Lincoln Centre. By the way, it is fair to say that at least twenty-five per cent of the boys we deal with come from the Holy Angels, and perhaps twenty per cent of the girls. This mother went to the priest and said, "What do you want me to do, Father? Johnnie, he will be going to the Lincoln Centre all the time. He likes it and he won't stay at home. What shall I do about it, Father?" "Ah," says the Father, "let him go. It won't do Johnnie any harm. Jenkin Lloyd Jones hasn't got religion enough to hurt any man!" I took that as a compliment; I don't know whether it is or not.

I believe that in Chicago the Catholic Church is helping to digest, more effectually than any other machinery I know of, the great mass of foreign children that come out of the democratic homes and have inherited undemocratic ideas. And so while I believe that it is a provence of the Free Religious Association of America to watch the liberties of America, just now in the present issue of exigency, I believe it is still a higher function of this Association to see to it that every form of deligion receives its due appreciation. I ask that this association should put the Catholic Church in the same favorable light into which it puts Buddhism and Zoroastrianism and Bahaism. There is a lot of nonsense in Buddhism and Brahminism, and a lot of obscurities around Zoroastrianism. And we, in the interest of intellectual fairness and justice, are trying to discriminate and divide the guestion and get at the merit of each religion.

The Catholic Church is a mighty power that has been coming down through the centuries ennobling and elevating lives. I have only one article in my creed, and I cannot go any farther than this: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church,"—and there I stop. Yes, I believe in the Holy Catholic Church that is to be—towards which the Roman organization has made some advancement; towards which the little Unitarian body of America has made a little more advancement; and to which the Free Religious Association is committed, not only by the letter-text of its organization but by the words of its prophets, by the message of its sages, by the triumphant and ardent life of its scholars and its poets. The one name to be mentioned here above all others, is the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson. And he stands, first and last and all the time, for a due appreciation of the sanctities of history and of Nature. "If the "flower of the crannied wall" can tell me all of God and destiny, how much more this magnificant revelation of the divine that carries in its bosom Benedict and his rule, Francis and his tender heart, Savanorola and his magnificent independence!

I belong to their church. Let me make a confession. You think I am in danger of falling into the arms of Rome? Perhaps it is so. When I went to Rome I carried a letter from a Jewish lawyer in Chicago to a Catholic priest in Rome, I being a nondescript, a "What-is-it?" in the theological world. This institution of religion to labor with them and to pre-Catholic priest welcomed me to his study. He had been called from a great educational institution in the United States, by the Pope, to help in the educational work of the Church. He was a teacher of science in the United States, and I looked over his well-filled bookcase there and saw Darwin and Spencer and Huxley and all the rest of the heretics that were on our tables in 1896, when I was there. He saw I was noticing the books. He said, "I have some good books, but I left them in America. They have plenty of good books here." I said, "Do I understand they have not many of this kind here?" "No, not yet." "Well, how do the authorities here look upon such literature? how do they stand it?" "Oh, they don't like it, but you know they have got to like it,—it is coming."

The Church comes slowly, but it is coming, and it will get there. Allusion was made this morning to Father Keane, who, by the way, was my test companion on the committee of the Parliament of Religion, the one man on the committee who gave up all his work and came and staid a month or more to see it through; the man who told the committee, in the early days of its development, "Do you in your wisdom say how much you want of the Catholic Church, how many essays and what subjects, and I will see to the rest." When I asked him to speak on my platform, he put both his arms on my shoulders, looking with his blue Irish eyes into mine, and said, "Brother Jones, you are in too big a hurry. Don't be in such a hurry. The old church is coming along, but it can't go as fast as you can. The time is coming when I can speak on your platform, but not yet."

I tell you the clock of destiny has a long pendulum. Its ticks are deliberate, its swings are counted by centuries, but in the swing of the centuries the Church of Rome is coming along. Somewhere in the heart of that great Catholic Church of the future will be found the sanctities and the sacredness of the Roman Catholic Church which has given to the most democratic and republican and independent of English poets the material out of which to build his Pope Innocent 12th, his Caponsacchi, the spotless knight, and Pompilia, the gentle mother saint. I take the right which Robert Browning claimed to interpret the Catholic Church on its upward side; and I tell you that this United States is not a stranger to the sanctifying power of the Catholic Church that makes patient men and women, that makes noble instittutions. I have taken water otu of the canteen held to my lips by a Catholic priest on the battle-field. I have seen the Sisters of Charity binding the tattered wounds of bleeding soldiers under the glaring sun of a southern battle-field; and I have witnessed how they trained orphans and fostered the elders; how they have made patient and heroic those who did the menial work in my kitchen and who ministered to me and mine with an emphasis of religion which is not a chance and doesn't come easy, but to manufacture which is the high purpose of religion in every form and in every place.

No, I am not scared of the Catholic Church, and no more do I despair of our democracy, notwithstanding the great tide of turbid and undeveloped life that is poured into the United States daily at Ellis Island and elsewhere. So long as there is a Catholic Church to receive them, so long as there is an pare them and to ripen them for American citizenship, I will believe we are equal to the job, and that the work should be encouraged. All this I say while remembering and accepting your word for it, that you have some very disagreeable people here in Boston, some people who don't know how to behave

themselves. But I am afraid that all the dogmatism and all the hierarchical arrogance, even in Boston, is not confined to the Catholic Church. Demonstrations of that kind are still imminent here and everywhere.

But I was going to tell you how near I came to joining the Church. I had been in Rome for over a week before it ever occurred to me to think about that famous bronze statue of St. Peter, the toe of which has been kissed off by the faithful. One night in my room, piously studying my Baedeker, which is the prayer-book of the traveler, I came upon an account of that statue, and I was amused and patted myself on the back. I said, "Here is one fellow who has come to Rome and has not kissed the toe." And then I forgot about it again. I had been in the great minster again and again and forgotten it, until the last day came, and the last hour of the last day. My grip was packed, my ticket bought, and the train was going in an hour. Then I remembered those musical angels in the sacristy that I had learned to love in reproductions but had not looked for while in Rome. "I can't leave without seeing those angels," said I. And so I hailed a cab and said, "Drive me to Saint Peter's as fast as you can, and wait and take me to the station." It was about the noon hour, and for the first time the great minster was deserted. I looked for nothing else, but went straight to the sacristy that I might see those pretty angels with the musical instruments. And for the first and only time in St. Peter's found a door locked. The priests had gone home. Disappointed and depressed I started out. But away down in the forest of pillars I saw a little market-woman with short skirts and bare head, her basket under her arm, going down through the forest of columns. I watched her. I saw her stop, put down her basket, stand a moment reverently, and lean over and kiss the toe of my statue. Then, not for herself but for the next comer,—she had heard of the deadly microbes,—she took a newly-laundered handkerchief and carefully wiped the toe she had kissed. It touched me as an invitation. Think of it as you will, I accepted her invitation. I went and kissed the toe—and felt the better for it. Felt the better for it! Not so much for the sake of St. Peter, but for the sake of that sister whom I was willing to confess and acknowledge. And suddenly that great minster thronged with a great multitude; I saw them march down through the centuries, saints and sinners, dukes and beggars, robbers, murderers, patient helpers,—a stream of humanity,—and I was in the procession, I was one of them; and I am one of them now, and I mean to stay in the main stream. And it is my object to try to help people to understand and appreciate others from whom they differ. I tell them out there in the West, "Any fool can like those he likes; it takes an educated and pious man to like those he doesn't like." That is just the work of religion.

One more story and I shall close. I was neighbor to a Catholic priest in Janesville. He had a good greensward, a beautiful lawn; I had an undeveloped yard around my house, and there was no fence between us. He had chickens and I had two babies. One morning the good German priest came over to make peace with Mrs. Jones. He said, "Madam, I come over to see whether you vant a fence between my place and yours, or not." And she said, "I don't think so; we ought to get along very well." "Vell, Madam, if you are villing, let us make this bargain: If you let my shickens scratch in your yard, I let your children play in mine, and we vill get along vell." The compact was made.

I am not scared. I a mwilling to stand by my guns. I don't believe it is necessary to start a national campaign now, to arouse in people an alarm lest we wake up some day and find the whole United States swallowed up by the Pope of Rome, or our rights invaded by even the Bishop of Boston. There is room enough for us all. We need all the helpers and we need all the workers.

Let us learn, then, to guard our rights, and be vigilant about it, but try to appreciate the mighty work that is being done in the interests of democracy by this great, old, time-honored institution—which though water-logged, it is true, and though the old ship is covered with barnacles and sails slowly, is still a grand old ship that has had a great freight of humanity in it. Michelet, the Catholic, in his "Life of Luther," solved the whole problem. He said: "Of course the ocean is not the clear water of your mountain tarn. The Catholic Church is polluted as compared with these mountain lakes of your Reformation; but it is the sea, and consequently, of course, has received the wash and drainage of the continent, and its glory lies in that."

I believe in the Holy Catholic Church—that is to be.

From the "proceedings" of the Forty-fifth Annual Meeting, see Editorial Note.

The University of Chicago Press has taken up the publishing of educational books bearing on the newer demands of the times. One of these books is "Agricultural Education in the Public Schools," by Prof. B. M. Davis. This is an historical book as well as educational. It gives us one chapter on the Department of Agriculture and another on the Bureau of Education. It discusses Agricultural Colleges, and State Normal Schools. It gives us quite a valuable chapter on the National Educational Association, and then takes up educational periodicals. There is a chapter for Boys' Agricultural Clubs and another for Secondary Schools. There is a splendid bibliography, following L. H. Bailey's, in his Text Book of Agriculture. I am reading this book with a good deal of interest, and mean to keep it at my hand for constant reference. Prof. Davis understands that what we have on hand just now is in some way to co-ordinate all the agencies at work on the agricultural problem.

"The Mountain Girl" comes to me from Little, Brown & Company. It brings together a scion of English nobility and the daughter of a Cracker in the North Carolina mountains. The story runs on very attractively, and really brings out the traits of the Southern mountaineers. The young Englishman finds a girl who has an heredity, from far back somewhere, of a very admirable sort. It is rather suggested at the close of the book that the very admirable character of Cassandra is a matter of descent. You can think what you please about the philosophy involved. I am sure you will like the story. Cassandra's bearing in England, with her babe, is a picture good enough for Dickens. The author of this book is Payne Erskine, who wrote "When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads." On the whole this is one of the best novels I have recently read.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL NOTES.

The first day of July, as usual, saw the gates of Tower Hill thrown open to visitors new and old. Each successive year of protection and judicious letting alone makes the hill more attractive to the eye. The old residents note with joy the increased growth of the trees, which has surpassed all expectations, and the thickening of the tangle of undergrowth which carpets the ground, resting the eye tired of the symmetrical monotony of city blocks.

A few material changes which will add to the comfort of visitors are in progress. The Old Helena octtage has been moved to a better location and raised from the ground. The last long house has been torn down, and in its place, a new two-room cottage has been erected, and another, just like it, is to be built in a beautiful location a little higher up the hill.

On the afternoon of Sunday, July the fourteenth all the Tower Hill band, consisting of several ministers and teachers, and more laymen and women, together with the Hillside friends, gathered at the pavilion for the service which formally opens the summer school. Mr. Jones conducted the service, and two addresses were given, one by the Reverend Mary Andrews of Kansas City, and the other by the Reverend Percy Dawson of Ann Arbor, Mich. Miss Andrews comes back to us this year after several years of university study and foreign travel. The usual vesper service was held in the evening, Mr. Jones reading two of Sidney Lanier's beautiful poems, Sunrise, one of the Hymns of the Marshes, and The Marshes of Glynn.

On Monday morning, the fifteenth, the classes began. The work is divided into two morning sessions, and one evening session on four nights of the week. There are three periods of nature study each week, three of music, one lecture night, two poetry evenings, and five morning periods of the class in religion.

The class in the study of nature and the wild life of the hill, is conducted this year, as last, by Miss Bertha M. Howe. This first week's work has considered (literally) the lilies and how they grow on Tower Hill, the eight species of this family, together with the eight species of the crow-foot family, and thirteen of the rose family forming the subjects of the lessons in the pavilion, which were supplemented by walks to find them in their haunts. This class has had three foreign visitors to study also —a leaf of the Swedish dandelion, sent from Sweden, a long grass-like blade, quite unlike our native plants; a beautiful set of post-cards of Alpine flowers sent by the same kind friend, and a beautiful specimen of the great rhododendron, sent by mail from the Allegheny Mountains.

It has been a great pleasure to welcome back Mrs. Charles Carroll Brown and her daughter Miss Edith, of Indianapolis, whose music has given us so much pleasure and profit for two summers past. Mrs. Brown is continuing her work of last year, the subject this year being "Musical Analysis and Interpretation," illustrated by piano and violin.

Our Monday evenings are to be devoted to Charles Dickens, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings to the poetry of Robert Browning, this being our contribution to the centennial celebrations of these two well-beloved authors.

Mr. Jones gave the first of a series of three lectures on Dickens last Monday night, which was a biographical study. The next evening he began the reading of Balaustion's Adventure, which will occupy all the available poetry nights.

The class in religion has begun the second year of the seven years' course, the work dealing with the religions of the older world. The text for the course, from George Eliot, "The mind of man is widening towards the past" expresses its scope and aim. The stories of past civilizations which grew along the great river valeys of the east have proved most fascinating, and the stories of their re-discovery by the spade and of their discoverers and explorers are as marvelous as any fairy tales, and quite as interesting to young people is the verdict of those who h[illegible] material before them. What great lessons in sociology are contained in the lessons on the Pyramids, Thebes and its temples, Assyria, Babylon, and the rest of the great nations who fell because they were not "whitened by the social fire!" What sermons to be read in the Rosetta Stone, the great rock of Behistun, the Moabite Stone, and the great Code of Hammurabi!

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A Monthly Magazine of Progress in Religion

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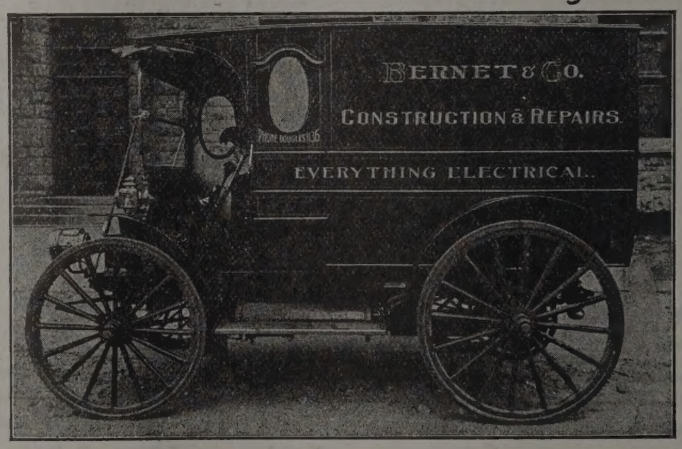

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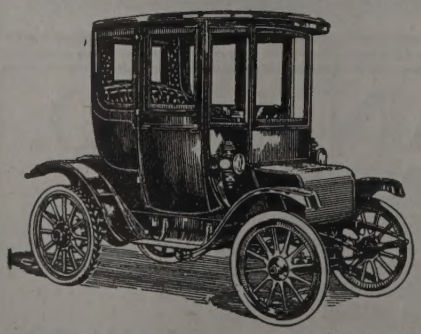

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